

Dollars Torture to Germans

Sent by Friends in the United States, Relatives Hesitate to Exchange Them.

CROWD BANK LOBBIES DAILY

Watch Fluctuations in Doubt Whether They Should Sell or Wait—When Rumor of Rise Starts Line Thins Rapidly.

Berlin.—Moralists seeking to prepare sermons upon the cure of riches tonight find convincing material daily in the crowded lobbies of Berlin banks. There are gathered the most unhappy people of Berlin—the poor with American dollars.

Perhaps there is nothing more coveted today than dollars. All Germany has literally gone mad over the desire to possess them. Immigrants have placed their value far above their actual worth and as a result of this palpating anticipation realization brings the bitter fact that the precious dollar in hand is not buying even a possible mark. The magic can change over night the German who has been railing at the visitors from countries with high "valuation" to a theoretical capitalist hoping that on the day he cashes his dollar the mark will go utterly to pot.

Large Sums Sent From America.

And it is the poor who are now receiving the coveted currency. Hundreds of Germans in America, hearing of the crash of German marks, have sent checks, drafts and postal orders for sums from \$5 to \$50 to poor relatives. They flock to the banks when the doors open in the morning, watch the figures on the bulletin boards announcing the fluctuations of the exchange, tremblingly approach the cashiers and then decide to wait for one more hour in the hope that the trend may be upward again. Perhaps the next hour brings a drop of one or two points. Panic-stricken the holders of small checks besiege the windows to unload their holdings before there is a further drop.

A prosperous stranger who has no dollars to cash, however enters. He is overheard by a timid seller telling some friend that he had it straight from the ministry of finance that the mark is going to drop heavily in a few days.

Rumors Cause Tortures.

The dollar holders nearest the window swallow rising lumps in their throats and the line begins to thin out rapidly. At this moment the bulletin board shows an encouraging rise and the perspiring dollar holders go through a living torture. They either end by cashing their checks for what ever they can get or by leaving the bank completely crushed by indecision. Likely they have lost a half or a whole day's work and still hold their crumpled checks and their deep determination to get all the marks possible.

for them. If the mark falls the next day they wait for a still further drop. If it rises they experience a little more mental anguish until the tide turns backward.

Another phase of the wholesale receipt of presents from abroad is that bricklayers and hodcarriers of yesterday have turned into students of economics. The prices of financial papers so strange to the ordinary work man, now assume the interest of popular novels. They are perused vainly for authentic information as to whether or not the mark is going up or down on the morrow. In spite of the fact that financial prognostications are not like those of the weather bureau. It is a futile search, however, and in the end the holder of dollars merely goes deeper into the mire of indecision and in the end learns the unhappiness that can come from the possession of the world's greatest currency.

WAR RECORD WINS \$750,000

Minneapolis Vet Gets Legacy Despite Father's Stipulation That He Work Two Years.

Minneapolis, Minn.—While his war record with the British army in the World War won him a share of his father's millions, although his career

Arkansas Town Owned by Man

Robert E. Lee Wilson Rules Small Village Like Baron of Feudal Times.

PLACE HAS NO POLICEMEN

Wilson City, Ark., With Population of 1,800, Gets Along Without Ordinances and All Courts, But Everybody Must Work.

Little Rock, Ark.—Wilson, in Mississippi county, Ark., is a one-man town. It has no courthouse or city hall, no ordinances, no police force. When taxes fall due, the collector has only to go to Robert E. Lee Wilson and say: "Mr. Wilson, give me a check for taxes on everything in sight."

Wilson writes the check, covering all of the land and physical assets in a town of 1,800 population and enough of the surrounding farm and lumber country to total more than 40,000 acres of territory, said to be rivalled in productivity only by the valley of the Nile.

The town of Wilson has only one law

Squirrel Stored Golf Balls Instead of Nuts

A squirrel's cache, holding 31 golf balls, was discovered recently on the grounds of the Augusta Country club, at Augusta, Me. The place near the cache is one of the most difficult drives of the course and something psychological swears the balls into the woods, where they are lost.

Mr. Squirrel apparently thought they were a new kind of nut, so he gathered them for his winter hoard. Some of the balls are in good condition, while others bear the tooth marks of the little hoarder.

did not comply with the terms of the will. Capt. George C. Douglas will not have his legacy of approximately \$750,000 to spend as he pleases, according to a decision of the local probate court.

Probate Judge Paul has ordered that Charles R. Fowler, attorney, continue his guardianship over Douglas' affairs, despite the latter's petition that he be declared competent to manage his estate.

Walter T. Douglas, his father, provided in his will that Captain Douglas must earn \$2,500 a year for two consecutive years before he could claim his legacy. The trustees held, however, that Douglas' war record was equivalent to the demands of the will, although he did not earn the specified amount.

and that is unwritten. It is that every body must work. There are no idlers in the town and vagrants are not tolerated. There can be no undesirable citizens because Wilson, who owns all the houses, will not rent homes to undesirable.

Homes Are Modern.

Everybody in Wilson is a renter. Even the one man who owns and runs the town writes a check, payable to himself, every month for \$45. That is the highest rent paid, and only two other citizens pay that much. Other tenants pay \$12.50 to \$27.50 a month, with a few exceptions, where the rentals are \$30 to \$40.

Every home in Wilson, whether it is a three-room cottage or a mansion, is equipped with electric lights, tub and shower baths, hot and cold water, telephone, radio, flower garden, truck patch, and chicken yard.

Wilson has industries that represent a total investment of \$1,000,000. These produce annually nearly \$2,000,000 worth of manufactured hardwood lumber, ginned cotton, flour meal, and mixed feed. The raw material for these products comes from a 40,000-acre tract of cultivated and timbered land, all owned by Wilson. The principal agricultural products are cotton, corn, wheat, and alfalfa.

Wilson's 18 cotton plantations, with a total area of 5,000 acres, will produce this year 6,000 bales of cotton. Corn was harvested from 6,000 acres, about from 1,200 acres, and alfalfa from 800 acres. The farm is so big that Wilson employs his own agricultural expert and a general plantation manager who has supervision over 18 zone managers. Got Start in Sawmill.

There is no season of idleness in the town. When the harvest is over, the farmhands are put to clearing land or working in the logging and timber industry. Wilson is now reputed to have a fortune of more than \$10,000,000. He began operations with a small sawmill on the site of the town which bears his name.

With the profits from the sawmill he bought up land a parcel at a time. Now, at fifty-seven years old, he owns timbered and cultivated land enough to make a fair sized country. His territory is 27 miles long and eight miles wide.

In this section of the country Wilson was one of the first to take up diversified farming.

Then, too, Robert E. Lee Wilson has a hobby—education. He has sent many young men and women to college, financing them all the way through.

STORIES From Here and There

Life Getting Complex in the Big Cities



CHICAGO.—Louis Silberstein, 1350 South Michigan avenue, turned his screaming siren house as he swerved his automobile into Garfield boulevard from State street. According to one of Health Commissioner Bundesen's 130 specially deputized "noise cops" the siren continued to screech for one full block. The noise cop overtook Mr. Silberstein and suggested to him that the screaming siren was not conducive to the health, safety, and general welfare of Chicago and its citizens.

"Go to hell," observed Mr. Silberstein.

The noise cop made further suggestions. Mr. Silberstein made more and similar observations, snarling in a puff of gasoline smoke, language and noise.

The noise policeman reported to P. S. Combs, Jr., chief of the "noise cops." He reported to Doctor Bundesen, who opined that Mr. Silberstein

had been unfortunate to so misunderstand the importance of the health department campaign against unnecessary noises.

"Call him on the phone and explain it to him," the commissioner directed. "Chief" Combs did so.

"If the commissioner of health has any business with me let him call me himself," said Mr. Silberstein, pointedly. Doctor Bundesen did so.

"If you want to talk to me, come down to my office," ordered Silberstein, noisily hanging up the receiver.

"I'm convinced that this Silberstein person doesn't want to cooperate with us. Get a warrant for him. We'll talk to him in front of a judge," said Doctor Bundesen.

When brought to Doctor Bundesen's office, Silberstein denied emphatically that he shot a block-long screech from the siren of his car as he turned from State street into Garfield boulevard. He said he never was on Garfield boulevard in his life.

"You can tell that to the judge," said Doctor Bundesen.

Silberstein let it be known that his car is a Soundso. Doctor Bundesen noticed that the license records show Silberstein's car as a This-and-that. He admitted switching license tags on the two cars without notifying the secretary of state. Doctor Bundesen ordered that in addition to the noise-making charge, the charge of switching tags be placed against him.

Times Change and Dancing With Them

LOS ANGELES.—And now comes dancing with the mind! Many funny things have happened with the passing of time and at one period when a young woman who dared to dance publicly with anything except her feet was subject to an immediate trip to the hoosegow. But times change—so has dancing. Miss Irene d'Annelle has arrived in Los Angeles to teach dancing with the mind.

"Dancing is merely an expression of primitive instincts unless subjected to the refining influence of mental processes," says Miss d'Annelle. "There is a philosophy in the dance of peoples just as there is philosophy in their religion, art or literature."

It is to teach this philosophy in the formation of a club that Miss d'Annelle says she has come to Los Angeles. This club, which will be for working girls, is to be more than a refuge for tired bodies and a rendezvous for gossip, she claims.

In pointing out the possibilities of dance philosophy, Miss d'Annelle said that if the working girl is given an appreciative understanding of the beauty of movement and the benefits



of co-ordinate muscular action she will find a new joy in her work and new capabilities, which had lain dormant through poor blood circulation and improper state of mind.

"There is the dance of the warrior, the peasant and the priest. Why not the dance of the stenographer, the clerk, the cook?" she asks.

"Through an appeal to the working girl's love of beauty of face, figure and expression more can be accomplished than by the ineffective methods of duty-to-self-and-employer cults."

Miss d'Annelle came to Los Angeles to take up her duties in the new club for working girls.

Motor Cars Used to Fight High Rents



and. The figures do not include New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Los Angeles or other cities of approximately their population. The combined population of the 99 reporting cities is less than 8,000,000.

If the same ratio is maintained throughout the rest of the United States not less than 500,000 automobiles have been used during the past three years in the fight against high rents.

DETROIT.—Nationwide investigation into the uses to which the motorcar is put by its purchasers, conducted by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce discloses that in 135,000 instances in 60 cities throughout the country the motorcar has been used as a vehicle of relief from high city rentals. The owners of this number of automobiles have moved from the city to the suburbs and depend solely upon their cars for transportation between their offices and homes.

Thus far the investigation is incomplete. The 99 cities from which reports have been received include only three of the chief cities of the country, Baltimore, Detroit and Cleve-

land. Baltimore and Detroit are tied for first place in the number of motorcars used primarily to carry workers to and from their work each day. In each case the number is approximately 25,000. Louisville is rated next, in returns compiled thus far, with 20,000. Oak Park, Ill., and Cleveland are rated at 5,000 cars each; Toledo at 3,500; Tampa, Fla., Dayton, O., Pasadena, Cal., and Casper, Wyo., at 3,000 each. Eight cities—Baltimore, Ill.; Waterloo, Ia.; Nashville, Tenn.; Winston-Salem, N. C.; Tulsa, Okla.; Houston, Tex.; Richmond, Va., and Bellingham, Wash.—are reported to the chamber as having 2,000 cars each which have been devoted to this purpose.

Nice Boy but a Devastating Appetite

NEW YORK.—There was a two-headed, black-eyed boy, not much more than two years old, on the New Orleans car of a train which reached the Pennsylvania station at 6 a. m. He was such a boy as is enveloped in the embraces of wealthy looking grandparents or uncles or aunts on the train platform, and the porter, who had mothered him all the way from Shreveport, La., was looking forward confidently to such a demonstration. He expected it to be at least a \$10 party.

To his chagrin, there was no party at all. Nobody met the boy. The porter waited with him, to make certain, until the cars were taken to the yards, for he was out the price of the boy's meals during the trip, and if there were any relatives around he aimed to meet them.

It was a somber looking porter indeed who led the youngster to the matron's room in the station. The train was just pulling out of Shreveport, he said, when a woman raced alongside his car with a greenback in one hand and the boy in the other.

The porter accepted both and also the woman's statement that the boy



would be met in New York. A moment later he discovered that the greenback was a \$1 bill, that the boy had an extra seller suit in a package under his arm and a half-fare ticket to New York, but was otherwise unprepared for the journey. He was a nice boy, the porter said, but he had a devastating appetite.

From 6 a. m. until 5 p. m. the porter waited in that room, the matrons scanning every one who entered, confident that the relatives of so fascinating a boy would not neglect him long. At five o'clock, however, they decided to keep him no longer and called a policeman, who took him to the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Banish, purely venereal, venereal and Children's Syphilis, venereal on every hand. Guaranteed non-toxic, non-irritating.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infant's and Children's Syphilis

Children grow healthy and strong from this. It cures all venereal diseases, including syphilis, and other troubles of the blood. It is a pleasant-tasting syrup, and gives no trouble. It is a pleasant-tasting syrup, and gives no trouble. It is a pleasant-tasting syrup, and gives no trouble.

At All Drug Stores

NR

Mature's Remedy

Better than Pills For Liver Ills.

NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for all uses—shampooing, shaving, bathing.

Soothing—Healing—Penetrating

HINKLE KIDNEY BLADDER CAPSULES

Guaranteed by All Druggists

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

PESSIMIST LIFTS HIS VOICE

World Surely is in a Bad Way, or This Writer's Liver is Out of Order

Strike and the world strikes with you, work and you work alone, one soul is alone with the apathy crime, the widest ever known.

Grain and there'll be a chorus. Smile and you make no hit, for we've grown long hair and we preach despair and show you a daily hit.

Speed and the gang will cheer you, save and you have no friend, for we throw our backs to strike and ducks and borrow from all which lend.

Knock and you'll be a winner. Hoist and you'll be a fool, for the old same ways of the pre-war days are now from the program, lost.

Strike and the world strikes with you, work and you work alone, for we'd rather yell and raise blue h— than strive for an honest home—Ray K. Mouton in the New York Evening Mail

FREEDOM FROM LAXATIVES

Discovery by Scientists Has Replaced Them.

Pills and salts give temporary relief from constipation only at the expense of permanent injury, says an eminent medical authority.

Science has found a newer, better way—a means as simple as Nature herself.

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft and moving. But when constipation exists this natural lubricant is not sufficient. Medical authorities have found that the gentle lubricating action of Nalox most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nalox is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is in no sense a medicine. And like pure water it is harmless and pleasant.

Nalox is prescribed by physicians; used in leading hospitals. Get a bottle from your druggist today.—Advertisement.

His Quantities

"Something powerful, queer about Josh Jackett," said a resident of Grange. "He got back day before yesterday from a week's stay in Kansas City. Last night we and him went to the picture show and saw a Harold Lloyd comedy. And, actually, Josh never said a word about how much funnier it was when he saw it with the original cast up to Kay Sen."—Kansas City Star.

The Reformer.

"How many times do I have to tell you, Bobby, that one must keep his eyes closed during prayer?"

"Yes, mamma, how do ya know I don't?"—Sun Dodger.

MURINE

Night—Morning

Keep Your Eyes

Clear—Clear—Healthy

Write for Free Eye Care Book, Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

Lincoln Statue Given Louisville



Scene at the dedication of a new statue of Abraham Lincoln in Louisville, Ky. It is the work of George Grey Bernard and was given to the city by L. W. Bernheim, whose little granddaughter is seen unveiling the figure.

Man Ends Life by Sitting on Shell; Blown to Bits

London.—A Cologne telegram quoted by "The Westminster Gazette" states that at the village of Opinden a man, tired of life, sat on a shell, lit the fuse and waited the explosion by which he was blown to fragments. His fiancée, mother and friends who saw what he was doing tried to stop him and were all severely injured by the explosion.

Thirty Letters in Student's Name.

London.—In the list of matriculation examinations in Ceylon, Colombo, for the University of London, appears a name which can be written, with care, but which, outside of Ceylon, has not yet been properly pronounced. It is "Nana akkaragadunarachchi Harmanis de Silva Wijesekera."

MORE MEN ARE NOW ON FARMS

Sex Ratio Is 109.1 Males to 100 Females, Statistics Show.

Census Bureau Figures That Larger Number of Women Than Men Are Leaving Farms for Other Fields of Endeavor.

Washington.—Larger numbers of women than men are leaving the farms in search of more lucrative fields of endeavor, the census bureau says, basing its statement on an analysis of the 1920 census statistics.

The enumeration shows the ratio of males to females was higher for farm population than for the total population, despite the fact that the foreign-born element, in which the males considerably outnumber the females, is found mainly in the cities.

The sex ratio of farm population on January 1, 1920, was 100.1 males to

100 females, while the ratio for the entire population was 104 males to 100 females.

Of the number of farm dwellers, totaling 31,614,209, males number 16,490,338 and females 15,117,931. Of the total farm population 49.5 per cent was twenty-one years and over, 24.7 per cent between ten and twenty years, and 25.7 per cent under ten years. Those twenty-one years and over numbered 15,632,068. For the country as a whole those 21 years and over comprised 57.6 per cent of the total population.

The farm population, therefore, includes a relatively large proportion of persons under twenty-one and a relatively small proportion twenty-one years and over.

The difference in age distribution is declared by the census bureau to be due largely to the fact that the majority of persons who leave the farm to take up their residence elsewhere have reached twenty-one.